

Charmed vs IT by Rhinolicious

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Summary: Children across San Fransisco are reported missing. Inspector Darryl Morris suspects demonic activity and seeks the aid of the Charmed Ones. The sisters discover that a demonic clown is behind the disappearances.

1. Chapter 1: The Ungrateful Dead

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The sent of blood filled the room. Phoebe turned around to see stains everywhere. Detective Morris approached her and witnessed first-hand her disgust.

"Phoebe? You OK?"

Phoebe turned and said, "No..." She gaped as she took in her frightful surroundings.

"I can hear them screaming..."

"If you want to leave, I'll understand."

Phoebe's new empathy power also heightened her power to see into the past. She felt the children's pain. The room was filled with the scattered remains of more than a dozen children.

"... Who could have done this?" Phoebe whispered mostly to herself.

Having heard her, "I don't know. But I've never seen anything from the likes of this. That's why I called you. I thought it looked demonic."

"I have no answers for you at this time Detective, but I need to get out of this room." Phoebe bolted for the door, being followed closely by Morris. As soon as she had left the room she felt the emotional pain begin to subside. Morris looked at her and asked again, "Are you sure you're ok?"

"Darryl, I just need a moment. I've never felt that much agony in one room. It'll be a few until I can regain my strength." Phoebe bent over and sat against the wall, her knees in her chest. She began to silently weep.

"Sure." He followed her lead and sat down beside her. He put his arm around her and she welcomed the friendly touch. She wiped the drying tears from her eyes and nodded her head. Phoebe got up and

prepared herself as she re-entered the room that had nearly forced her onto the floor.

"Let's get this over with," she said, again mainly to herself. The stench of the decaying blood and severed limbs climbed their way back into Phoebe's nostrils. She nearly gagged, but still continued on, trying to find any clue to help Darryl in his investigation.

Phoebe closed her eyes and recited to Darryl what she saw. "There were... 15 of them. This was their playroom. They ranged from the ages of 3 to 11."

"Yea, that's right. What else do you see," Darryl asked attentively.

"Umm... I see... Oh God!" Phoebe moved to the center of the room where the dark vibes were the strongest. She put her hands up to her head and cried out in agony as the pain began to overwhelm the struggling witch.

"Phoebe!" Darryl rushed to her side, attempting to keep her from falling down.

"I'm ok." She waved him aside and regained her stance.

Phoebe began pacing the room piecing together what happened the night of the massacre. *It's definitely evil* she thought to herself.

"Oh, those poor children," she cried. "I see him! He's 7 foot 3. Has a large nose and is very white. His eyes..." she closed her eyes and saw through the eyes of one of the deceased children. "His eyes are glowing bright white... It's coming at me. Oh God it's devouring my leg! Ahhhhh... Someone help me!!" she screamed.

Darryl rushed over to her side and shouted, "Phoebe! Open your eyes. You're safe. I'm right here. Ugh... Leo! Leo!"

In a beam of bright light Leo Wyatt stood before Darryl and saw Phoebe lying in his arms crying out and writhing in pain. "What happened?"

Darryl tried to support Phoebe but was unsuccessful and she fell to the floor, convulsing. "I don't know! Get her out of here fast!"

Leo grabbed a hold of Phoebe and Daryl as they left the deadly scene. Seconds later they appeared in the Halliwell Manor. Leo led Daryl into the family room and told him to lay Phoebe down on the couch. Phoebe had tears streaming from her face clear down to her chin. Having heard Phoebe cry out in pain, Piper and Paige moved into the family room.

Paige ran to Phoebe's side, "Phoebe! Oh my God! What happened to her?!"

Piper grabbed a pillow off the adjacent sofa and put Phoebe's head on top of it. Phoebe squirmed a little, but then relaxed and fell into a deep state of comatose.

2. Chapter 2: Too Close For Comfort

Chapter Two: Too Close For Comfort

"I called Phoebe earlier this morning to ask for her help on this new case I'm working on. She agreed to meet me at the old, abandoned orphanage near Chinatown."

Piper looked at Darryl and asked him, "What sort of case?"

Darryl glanced at Piper and then turned to Phoebe, finally returning to Piper and said in a calm, yet stern voice, "Over the past week we've been getting an unusual amount of reports of missing children."

Leo piped in by saying, "Yea, I've heard this. It's all over the news and it's making a stir up there because most of them are future Whitelighters."

Darryl continued by saying, "Yes, but what the press doesn't know yet is that we found them, only not all of them."

"How many are missing," asked Piper.

"Well, none."

Leo scratched his head, "I'm confused. You just said that some were missing."

"Sorry, I wasn't clear. I meant that we didn't find all of the pieces." As Darryl finished Piper put her hands over her mouth in shock. Just having Darryl describe the scene made Piper's stomach churn.

"So, that's why you called Phoebe. Because you thought that no human could murder 15 children and then chop them up." Piper glanced over at Phoebe to see if she had changed: She hadn't.

Darryl's gaze followed Piper's but he continued with his report. "According to Phoebe, just before she collapsed she tapped into one of the strong vibes that was left by one of the children. This thing didn't chop them up after killing them. No. It ate them while they were still alive."

Piper had really lost it. She got up from the table and walked into the other room. Leo sat there staring at the table wondering what could do that to innocent little children. When Piper returned she thanked Daryl bringing them up to date and that if Phoebe's condition changed that he would be notified immediately. Leo walked Daryl to the door and said goodbye to him as he headed out.

Paige was sitting beside Phoebe with the Book of Shadows seated in her lap. Piper and Leo joined Paige in the family room. Paige stood up in glee.

"Ah ha!"

"What did you find," inquired Piper.

"I have found the spell that is going to save our sister." Paige handed the book to Piper for her to see.

"To banish a trapped soul? How is that going to save Phoebe?" Piper asked with a stern look.

Paige took the book back and simply said, "Phoebe wasn't picking up vibes in that room. She was picking up the souls and the dark energy left behind by the attacker and the children. While she was looking seeing the past she temporarily let her guard down and one of the souls found its way into Phoebe."

"Okay, but then why the shrieking and screaming?"

"Because that was the last thing the spirit experienced. It was experiencing its death and how it was murdered." Paige walked over to Phoebe and chanted,

"Two warring souls now burn inside

Where only one can reside.

I call upon the Power of Three

To save her body and set Phoebe free."

As Paige finished the chant a white orb rose out of Phoebe's body and

soon vanished. Phoebe awoke with a sudden gasp of air. Paige bent over and grabbed her sister in a great hug. Piper followed Paige's lead and hugged Phoebe like she had been gone for ages.

"Don't ever scare us like that again!" cried Piper.

"Ughh... I feel awful." Phoebe let go of her sisters and rubbed her abdomen.

"Well you have been in a lot of pain," Paige pointed out.

"No, that's not it. Ah, I haven't eaten all day, I'm starved." Phoebe got up and headed to the kitchen.

"Oh yea that's Phoebe." Piper followed her famished sister into the kitchen and cooked dinner for all of them. Paige got on the phone and called Daryl and told him that Phoebe was awake.

"That's good," Darryl's voice sounded very concerned and also very disgusted.

"Daryl? You okay?" Paige pulled the phone closer as Darryl told her that there had been another killing and that it was a little girl who had been found at the local elementary school: She was found ripped limb from limb.

Paige's look turned from concern to horror as Darryl told her that he needed to speak to Phoebe right away. He told her that he would be right over.

Paige entered the kitchen to find Piper cooking her famous fajitas and Phoebe bouncing Wyatt on her knee. Paige sat down at the corner of the table nearest to the side door. Phoebe looked her up and down and used her empathy power to establish that her sister had something major on her mind.

"Alright sister, spill the beans." Phoebe put Wyatt in his high chair and turned to her sister.

"You want beans you've got 'em!" As Piper poured some baked beans into her frying pan.

"Not you... oh never mind. Paige what seems to be troubling you?" Phoebe had her full attention devoted to what Paige wanted to say.

"I just got off the phone with Darryl."

"And?" Phoebe raised an eyebrow.

"There's been another murder." Paige said with a stern look upon her face.

Piper was the one to speak next, "Where?"

Paige turned to look at Piper, "Johnson Elementary."

"Oh my God, that's down the road from here. Leo! Leo!" Piper was in her panic mode.

In a stream of orbs and bright lights Leo appeared in front of his wife and greeted her with a smile and a small kiss. He looked around and asked,

"What?"

"Leo, dear, I want you to take Wyatt "up there"." Piper said with a broad grin on her face.

"Why?"

"There was another attack. And these attacks are getting a little too close to home. So, until we know what we're up against take Wyatt away from here, please."

"Okay, sure, come on big guy you like it up there in the clouds don't ya? Yea." Leo picked up Wyatt and in another flash they were gone.

Piper looked at Phoebe and asked her, "What are we up against?"

Before Phoebe could answer, the doorbell rang.

3. Chapter 3: The Calm Before the Storm

Piper, Phoebe, and Paige hurried out into the hall to greet the unwelcomed guest. Piper opened the door to be introduced to the greatest thing of all: nothing. The three sisters exchanged a look of confusion as they stepped onto the porch. The sun shone down upon them and the cool San Franciscan breeze gave them each chills.

"I could have sworn I heard the bell ring..." Phoebe gazed around at the beaming atmosphere. She rubbed at her goose bumps and headed back inside.

"Something is going on," Paige pointed out

Piper merely replied, "Something is *always* going on..." She slightly nudged Paige and cocked her head implying it was time to go inside. Paige accepted and went back to her now cold food.

Piper cleaned up the kitchen and placed the now dirty dishes in the dishwasher. "There! All spick and span." She said with a cheery smile.

"Leave it to Piper to clean in a time of chaos," exclaimed Paige.

"Wh-what? If a demon attacks I want to at least look presentable."

"Do you hear yourself? You sound like the Martha Stewart of demonic housewives."

Phoebe chuckled at Paige's remark. And yet she couldn't shake this feeling of dread and anguish. She opened the Book of Shadows and looked frantically to find the monster behind the attacks. Page after page of nothing, Phoebe threw the book in disgust. She placed her hands on her temples and pressed hard, attempting to squash the images from her head. Unfortunately to her dismay, the cries and screams of those 15 children seemed to only intensify under the added pressure.

Piper stepped over to her sister with two acetaminophen and a glass of water held firmly in her hands. She offered both to her stressing sister. "It's going to be ok hon."

Phoebe shook her head. "You didn't see those children... Piper they were so scared and...the pain..." she took the acetaminophen and water from Piper without question. "We have to stop it. Whatever or whoever it is."

Paige perked up from the table and strode over to her sisters. Piper held Phoebe in a tight embrace and Paige soon followed suit. The perfect moment they had was short lived as the chaos outside the embrace made its way into the house...